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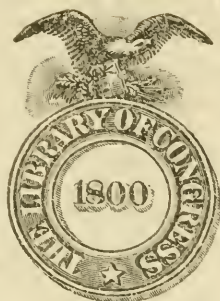
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Hill Trails
& Open Sky.

A Book of California Verse



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HILL TRAILS & OPEN SKY

A BOOK OF CALIFORNIA VERSE

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

AUTHOR OF
"MOTHER OF MINE"



1919
HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO.
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

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by
Harry Noyes Pratt

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Foreword

To the little mother whose steadfast love and unflinching courage enabled me to bring forth my first volume of verse, "Mother of Mine," I owe more than I can ever repay. And to that other mother whose high hills and broad valleys have given me shelter and inspiration, I owe much.

May "Hill Trails," with its unpretentious verse, convey some little of the affection and loyalty I hold for my foster-mother, California.

HARRY NOYES PRATT.

September 18, 1919.

To California

*Maker of men! Great Mother, holding close
to thy breast*

*Alien and son together, nor loving the one
the best.*

*Giving of inspiration, yielding of strength and
power;*

*Bringing the seed of God's sowing into full
bloom and flower.*

*Mine the breath of thy nostrils and mine the
beat of thy heart;*

*Being of thine own greatness even so small
a part,*

*No son of thy deep soil's yielding, born 'neath
thy tender sky,*

*Shall render to thee of homage or greater love
than I.*

HILL TRAILS & OPEN SKY

The Hill Trails

Hill trails, dim trails,
Grown with brush and fern—
Wild trails, rough trails;
Round each twist and turn
Sound of falling waters,
Wind among the pines—
Clouds a-drifting over
In fleecy, laughing lines.

Wonder who has passed here
In the long ago,
Laughing, weeping, sighing—
I shall never know;
Only know the hill trails
As they are today—
The makers of the hill trails
Have long since passed away.

Hill trails, long trails
Leading from the past,
Out of years of silence
Into the silence vast.
Who has travelled on these trails
I shall never know—
Only know I follow them
Because I love them so.

Treasure

Along the hills of Berkeley town
Where thick the golden poppies grow,
I watch the tiny ships go down
And vanish through the distant Gate.
Swift past the headlands blue they go
To where the swinging seas await.

Into the mists of open sea,
Where keen the trade-winds salty blow—
Unto the Orient mystery
Of southern isles and softer days;
Those lands which only languor know,
Whose peoples follow easier ways.

Out to the lands of spice and gems,
Of flashing eyes from latticed walls
Whose lofty bar fair treasure hems—
Out to the sea. The vessels sail
Into the fog whose curtain falls
Upon the blue, a pallid veil.

Out to the sea—and I remain,
Romance and treasure at my hand:
For strewn and massed on hill and plain
Lies wealth in measure all untold—
What need to seek the Orient land
When here lies heaped our poppied gold.

Gypsying

Light as a fleck of foam upon a wind-spiced sea
The winds of mirth and joy are blowing me:

I dance! I dance!

Upon the surface of the deep and steady tide
Of life I drift, and free and careless ride.

I leave to chance

The morrow's morning. What the morning
brings

Shall then be mine; today I heedless sing.

Nor shall I grieve

For grief to come, if grief indeed there be.

Delight and song are mine, and liberty.

I careless leave

To those who wish, the care and toil of life,
The dull routine, the ceaseless, selfless strife.

To him who dares

Is joy. And if I miss the best there be—

If glitter, not the gold, be given me—

Who cares! Who cares!

Solano's Hills

Beneath Solano's hills I stride,
The tattered eucalypts beside—

Along the moss-grown, battered walls
Where chipmunks scamper to and fro
From emerald shade to sunlight's glow
As golden through the leaves it falls.

The winding road invites my feet;
Through many a grassy byway sweet
I follow as the moments call,
By weathered fence and wall of stone.
The country here seems mine alone;
A fairyland and mystical.

Solano's hills of rounded green,
The blossoming orchard vales between;
The vernal slopes which graceful rise
Through rags of fog; through rags that
cling
To wind-blown trees, and ragged fling
Their tattered banners to the skies.

The buckeye's silvered branches bare
Are budding on the hillsides there
Among the nuances of green.
And where the trickling waters seep
The first wee blossoms yellow peep
Beneath the alder's tasseled screen.

AND OPEN SKY

Below, the marshes deep and wide
Are quivering to the rising tide
Where herons stand like sentinels.
Midst winding waterways serene
The placid mallards float and preen
About their island citadels.

Bold Nature's hand, with careless brush,
Has flung a broad and crimson flush
Across the wet and gleaming fen;
A crimson stain which shades to gold
In combinations manifold
And then to verdant green again.

And there, beyond, Diablo's sides
Loom soft and blue above the tides
Where flows the Sacramento's stream;
A heavenly blue, pellucid, true
As colors which run rippling through
A rapturous, half-forgotten dream.

The moments call; I drift along.
Each moment seems another song
Sung sweeter still than was the last.
The peach-bloom's odor spicier is
Than fantasy of ecstasies
Within the day-dreams of the past.

And every footfall on the sod
Brings closer that sweet sense of God
Which is not found within the town.
Solano's hills! You bring to me
Sweet consciousness of ecstasy.
Within your arms I find my own.

My Roseleaf Wish

I took the petal of a rose—
A crimson rose,
A fragrant rose,—
I wished a wish and laid it there
Within the curving petals rare,
And kissed it,
Caressed it,
Then dropped it gently on the sea;
It floated swift away from me.

But where it floated no one knows:
The tiny boat,
My fairy boat—
It bore my heart's wish far away,
And what it was I'll never say!
My heart's wish,
My fond wish—
Afloat upon the ebbing tide,
Lightly, lightly, doth it ride!

But some day when the full tide flows—
A strong tide,
A flood tide!
My wish will come again to me,
Full-laden roseleaf argosy:
Heart's treasure,
Full measure.
And gliding down the moonlit main
My own shall come to me again.

“Woo-oo-oo!”

Wind a-goin’, “Woo-oo-oo!”
Seems des’ lak it comin’ thoo;
Keep de fiah buhnin’ bright—
Suah am bittah col’ tonight!
Seems lak kindah lonesome, too—
Des’ don’t lak to heah dat “Woo-oo-oo!”

Heah it goin’ “Woo-oo-oo!”
Blowin’ down de ol’ bayou.
Dogs come crouchin’ by de fiah,
Hunchin’ up a little niah
Des de way dey lak to do
When de win’ it goin’, “Woo-oo-oo!”

Lonesome soundin’, “Woo-oo-oo!”
Comin’ down de chimbley flue,
Puffin’ ashes on de floah—
Nevah act lak dis befoah!
Wondah what it tryin’ to do?
Ghos’es, maybe, talkin’, “Woo-oo-oo!”

Dah! Yo’ heah it?—“Woo-oo-oo!”
Golly! Don’t lak dis nohow!
Big dog shiv’rin’; peahs he’s skeert;
Ain’t a-noways seemin’ peert.
I ain’t skeert—but wisht I knew
What dat blowin’, “Woo-oo-oo!”

My Very Dear

I whisper to you sometimes when the purple
twilight falls;
I know that through the empty miles your
heart to mine still calls.
When the ancient stars are shining as they
shone on us before,
And the waves are sweeping, sullen, along
the lonely shore,
Then my heart goes searching for you in a
longing all sincere,
And I whisper in the twilight, "Oh, my dear!
My very dear!"

Just the words I used to whisper in those
nights so long ago;
Just the few brief love words to you, but
they speak it all, I know:
Tell you of the bitter longing, of the empty,
useless days,
And my vain and idle wandering in a thou-
sand endless ways,
And I wonder what the end will be, yet—
wondering—persevere
In the hope that journey's ending may be
you, my very dear.

AND OPEN SKY

Just the love name I had for you in the per-
fumed nights ago
When the wearied stars had twinkled out and
rose-light came with dawn.
When sparkling waves along the shore shone
radiant through the mist,
And the crimson rose's petals gleamed with
dew your lips had kissed.
Just the love name I had for you—close, that
you alone might hear!—
In the gold-light of the dawning of the morn-
ing, dear, my dear!

Now the crimson rose's petals, faded, lie
along the strands
Where the careless waves have swept them,
and our footprints on the sands
Have been pressed by other footprints, left
by many passing feet,
And the mists of many mornings have been
lit by dawns as sweet.
Still the love name I had for you seems to
bring you very near—
Will the journey's ending bring you—back to
me, my very dear?

When the Hills Are Showin' Brown

Get a sort o' restless feelin'

When the snow begins to go
An' the grass shows on the hillsides.

When the ice-bound brooklets flow
Get a sort o' thinkin', somehow,

O' the alder-bordered streams
'Long in Junetime, an' their ripples.

See the thousand yellow gleams
Where the sunlight trickles, broken,

Through the wavin' alder leaves,
Makin' patterns on the grasses;

An' the grapevine twines an' weaves
In an' out among the tree tops.

Cottonwood an' willow, too,
With their leaves a-dancin', wavin'—
Seems a welcome, like, to you.

Get a funny sort of itchin'

To my hand—it's kind of odd—
Like to hear the reel a-spinnin',

Feel the bendin' of the rod;
See the line go zippin' crossways

Of some golden, placid pool
An' to feel my heart go thumpin',

Though I'm tryin' to keep cool—
See the trout break water, gleamin',

As he shows his speckled sides,
Then with shake of line an' savage
Through the startled water glides.

AND OPEN SKY

Whine of reel and splash of water
As I reel the fighter in,
Feelin' sort o' half-regretful
That the old chap didn't win.

Smell the thousand things a-growin'
In the warm an' tender sod;
Know that here you're gettin' closer
To the lovin', tender God
Who has made the trees and flowers
An' the birds, an' fishes, too.
An' you feel yourself a-wingin'
Far up there amongst the blue,
Leavin' off, like outworn clothin',
All the troubles of the day;
An' the weary years are slippin'
From your shoulders fast away.
Feel as happy an' regardless
As the locusts or the bees
That are dronin', hummin', busy
In the asters by your knees.

Got a sort o' restless feelin';
Think I'll get the old rod down
Now the soft March breeze is blowin'
An' the hills are showin' brown.

Theodore Roosevelt

The greatest mortal of his time has passed.

Beneath the snows upon the quiet knoll

His weary body finds its peaceful goal.

His valiant spirit lives, and in that vast

Concord of mighty dead he finds at last

His own. No greater name stands on the
scroll

Of Time than his. Beside that kindred soul

He stands, great Lincoln, nor by him o'ercast.

We knew his faults, yet wrote them on the
sands,

Remembering these, which were the man,
alone:

His love of country; strength; his vision
wide

And will to do. O Fame! With cunning hands

Grave deep and sure in everlasting stone

These words, "My country! There was
naught beside!"

The Wild Sea Calls

When I see the great ships passing
Down the bay to the Gate—
When the screw-torn foam is swirling
Where the flocking sea-gulls wait—
When the keen, swift prow is cutting
Clean through the heaving swell,
And I hear the sonorous sounding
Of the clamoring engine-bell —
I've the call to go a-roving
Out to the wild, wide sea;
The sea and its mad adventure
Is calling, calling me.

The wild, gay sea is calling:
Borne on the freshening wind
Come the voices of wild sea-rovers;
Their urging fingers, twined
About the heart of me, eager,
Urge, though I say them nay.
I long to sail by the headlands,
Out through the Gate and away
To the seas where romance is waiting,—
Waiting, gay, wild and free!—
The sea and the wild sea-rovers
Are calling, calling me.

Ship O'Dreams

When my Ship O'Dreams comes sailing
Home o'er a sunlit sea,
Will she be laden, I wonder,
With treasure-trove for me?
Will she be heavy with spices
And bales of silken fold,
Or caskets of flashing rubies
And sea-pearls, white and cold?

Will she proudly sail to the harbor
With pennons flying gay
Above the snow of her swelling sails,
On the lift of the foaming bay?
Will she meet the surge with disdainful prow,
Haughtily cleaving the wave
As she comes again, with brimming hold,
Once more to the port which gave?

*Last night she crept to the harbor,
Back from a pitiless sea
Whose grasping waves and hungry crests
She had fought so valiantly.
Tattered of sail and broken of spar,
Empty of hold she be,
Yet my Ship O'Dreams is welcome home
Since she brings you back to me!*

Ella Sterling Mighels

Between the present and the past there
stands

A wall of bronze, and swung therein a
door.

Nor none may pass save those who hold
afore

A mystic key to break the brazen bands,
And with the key a password which demands
Entrance therein. But few shall hold the
key

And pass from now to that which used to
be;

And none shall hold save one who under-
stands.

But hers the key; ajar she holds the gate
That we may briefly see the blossoming
ways

And those who walk therein who once
were here.

These are the makers of our golden state,
And as Romance the vivid tale conveys,
We hold her dearer that she holds them
dear.

A Wild-Way Camp

I lay last night beside the stream:
The while the darkness grew,
I heard the panther's eerie scream
The startled forest through.

The sun's last yellow finger clung
Upon the mountain's crest,
While lower crags their shadows flung
Across the canyon's depth.

Against a golden sunset sky
The great pines stood, and black,
A ragged army, filing by
Along their hilltop track.

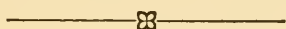
The glowing clouds turned slow to gray,
And diamond stars shone bright;
The roaring river flung away
Into mysterious night.

The great white moon came swinging up
To hang above the pines,
And spill within the canyon's cup
Its flooding, silver wines.

The overhanging rocks, aglow,
Reflected flickering flame
From dying embers there below
As eddying night winds came.

AND OPEN SKY

And close the hillsides crept, and close
The peace which comes of God
To him who near to Nature goes,
And wild-way trails has trod.



Nita

Darkness has passed: Now comes the dawn,
Rose-tinged, at last. The night has gone—
Has sped away into the west,
And tender day has come, so—rest!

The End and the Goal

Where is the end? And what is the goal?
The reckless years have taken their toll.
The loose, lax days when a day was a day—
When a careless youth cleft his own free
way,
When the cleft wood lay where it heedless
fell
And we heedless knew nor heaven nor hell—
Have taken their toll and the bloom has
sped.
The gold is dross, the silver is lead.
The flower has faded. Sped are the dreams
Of the days of delight, with their roseate
gleams,
And vanished the dew that lay on the rose
In rose-morninged youth. The wild tide
flows
Now a somber course, unrippled, unswept,
Where the dust of leaves lies heavy, unkept.
Placid the river and heavy the tide;
Never a gleam where the dead leaves ride.
Where is the end? And what is the goal?

Where is the end? And what is the goal?
Not the dull, dead fen where the waters roll
In their silent calm by the moss-grown
trees;

AND OPEN SKY

Not the sluggish swamp or the stagnant
lees,
Nor the standing still while the dead leaves
fall
And the harking back to our dead youth's
call,
But the sweeping out to the open sky
Where the sunshine falls and the winds
sweep by.
Where the fruit of the flower has ripened
and grown;
Where fruitage is ready from seeds that were
sown,
And dew of the rose-leaf has fallen in
rain—
Where sunlight glints golden on ripening
grain.
Where years are at full, with no discord or
strife—
Where time is at full in the harvest of life—
Here is the end. And this is the goal.

Flowers

I think each flower must be a thought
Which God has given, then has brought
And dropped upon the hills for me.
For in each faultless bloom I see
The colors of Heaven, and His grace
Within each radiant, glowing face.
How wonderful His mind must be
To hold such lovely thoughts for me!

Sabbath Morn

Soft shines the summer sun today,
And soft the nesting bluebirds sing.
The gentle breezes softer play
Where honeysuckle blossoms swing
And yield their perfume as they sway.
A butterfly on lazy wing
Floats gleaming in the golden air,
Or, listless, honeyed nectar drains
From throated blooms dependent there.
The grass is dewy from the rains;
A rapturous robin flutters where
He laves his wings, and scarcely deigns
To move for early passerby.
And down the quiet village street
Into the blue of gleaming sky
White plumes of smoke arise and meet
To form a silvern canopy
Above this pastoral retreat.
While over all there broods the peace
Of God's own day, His day of rest,
When from our weary toil we cease—
When from the troubles that molest
We have this one day's sure release
In all His beauty manifest.

November Streets

From out the south, warm, soft, but strong,
There swept a wind, and all the day
I watched the elm-tree branches sway
And strew their leaves the walks along.
All gold and green they danced and leaped,
Until the wind, coquettish, bold,
Had won their fancy, from their hold
Had coaxed them, 'neath the trees had heaped
Huge windrows deep where children played;
Where shouting children laughed and ran,
A roistering, boisterous caravan,
In rustling gold to knee-deep wade.

And where the trees before had stood
Full-garbed in gold of autumn's dress,
The wanton wind with soft caress
Had robbed them of their lustihood;
Had stripped the slender branches bare,
Had left them naked 'gainst the sky,
Their stark, bare branches lifting high
Above the dazzling thoroughfare,
Where underfoot the glistening leaves
A soft and gorgeous carpet made,
All lavish to the tread was laid,
Alone the kind that Nature weaves.

J. E. Stuart

What a wonderful dreamer the artist is
 With his dreams of the surge and the open
 sea;
Of the rounded hills where the far mist is,
 And the flower-grown slopes with their
 harmony.
What a wonderful thing to dream these
 dreams,
 These dreams of dawn and the dawn-lit
 sky;
Of the mountain mists and the foaming
 streams;
 Of the granite cliffs where the eagles fly.

What a wonderful thing it is to bring
 These dreams into being for all to see,
Rubbing the mystical, magical ring
 Of brush and paint and imagery,
And bringing to being a wondrous gem
 Of the color and life of a dream dreamed
 true.
Oh, to dream these dreams and to capture
 them!
 What a wonderful thing to dream like you!

Life in Death

Beneath the shattered trees, and gray
A bit of war's debris it lay,
Half-hidden by the verdant green
Where tender grasses grew between—
Weathered, with eyeless sockets wide.

But, swaying, threading slender through,
A clump of crimson poppies grew
Within, and—smiling—seemed to be
Fit symbol of eternity;
New-springing life of him who died.

God's Way

"Thy will be done!" How oft we say
These words with mien resigned and sad,
As feeling that in God's set way
We forfeit something that we had.

But now I know that where He leads
Is Happiness and Peace, secure;
He gives to each of all he needs
From out His all-sufficient store.

And so I say with smiling face
And happy heart, "Thy will be done!"
In God's own way is Happiness;
God leads—we find the conflict won.

The Weary Quest

From dismal swamp and sluggish stream
The white mist wreathes,
And in the red moon's eerie gleam
A Something breathes.
I see weird shapes by stream and wood,
And where the little village stood
I see strange forms which dance and swirl,
Which float and hover, sway and whirl,
And never rest.

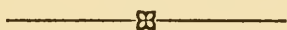
O'er all of devastated France
I've seen these shapes uncanny dance—
On Flemish swamp and Belgian plain,
In winter's snow and summer's rain—
In weary quest.

They are the spirits of the dead,
By men-beasts slain;
They are the spirits myriad
On hill and plain
Of those who've passed before their time,
By bestial hands besmeared with slime,
Who find no rest in heaven or hell,
Who linger here 'neath bond and spell,
And tortured wait.

AND OPEN SKY

Dishonored maid and outraged wife
And babe impaled on sanguine knife,
No peace shall know, or ease, or rest
Until these hordes of Huns invest
Hell's open gate.

*From dismal swamp and sluggish stream
The white mist wreathes,
And in the red moon's eerie gleam
A Something breathes.*



Good Night

Soft twilight falls; the day is done.
The white sheep gather at the bar
And down the hill the cattle come.
The church-bells faintly ring afar;
The day is done. The crimson west
Turns fast to gray—so rest, dear: Rest!

The night wind blows. Upon your bed
The silver moonlight gently falls.
Through trellised branches closely spread
A drowsy pigeon plaintive calls.
The day is done—and this is best—
Good night, my Mary. Rest, dear—Rest!

Joaquin Miller

THE HEIGHTS

JUNE 15, 1919

He lingers here his well-loved trees among,
Where mellow sunlight falls, and fragrant
shade

Of slender eucalypts, whose leaves are laid
Like scimitars across the trails. Here rung
The bells of poesy, and—ringing—flung
The magic of his love on hill and glade.

And of his love-enchanted land he made
New songs, to keep this love-land ever young.

And where he sang I hear him still: the
breeze

Which sways the incensed cedar brings to
me

His loved voice. Here on the rocky, wind-
ing way,

By mossy wall, among the columned trees,
In every nook where once he loved to be,
I find him still—and here he lives for aye.

The Unforgotten

The soft wind blows o'er poppied field.

There where embattled nations fought
Deft hands of time the scars have healed
Which torch and shell in terror wrought.
And where despoiling armies trod
The azure flax is waving tall.
There plowmen turn the peaceful sod,
A placid picture pastoral.

And on the hill, in ordered rows,
Lie low the sacred dead of France
Who fell before ensanguined foes.
They won as their inheritance
Undying glory, and a grave
Which yields them peace, eternal rest
Within that soil for which they gave
Their lives, their all, and—giving—blessed.

Yes, here is rest, but here alone,
For in the hearts of France, bereft,
There lies the coldness of the tomb;
What else, indeed, for France is left?
Yet in the years when memory
By years is softened, and the old
Have passed beyond, then youth shall see
Their story marvelous unfold.

By song and legend, down through time
Shall ring the names of those who gave
Of all they had, in strife sublime,
And passed, ungrieving, to the grave.

Ina Donna Coolbrith

Sweet songstress of this fair demesne,
Whose lyric lines to flower and bird and
field
Eternal life have given, to you we yield
The scepter and the crown. We hail you
queen
Of those illustrious singers who have been
The glory of our golden state. You wield,
By virtue of a compact long since sealed,
Your power divine, with sweet and gracious
mien.

Enthroned amidst the memories of the years
A-down whose lengthened way clear voices
ring
With tales now grave, now gay; now sad,
now sweet—
To you whose power commands our smiles
and tears,
Let us, and humbly, loyal tribute bring;
We lay unfading laurels at your feet.

Low Tide

The long, smooth fingers of the tide
Reach gropingly across the beach:
The silent ripples gleam and glide
Upon the shore they scarce can reach.

And on the shining, dimpled sands,
Like jewels on a royal gown,
Leave gleaming pools and silvern bands
Of little rivers running down.

While through the mists which thinly cling
A veil of blue on bay and shore,
Bewildered sea-gulls shrilly fling
Weird calls their searching flight before.

The crimson glow which held the west
Above the purple and the gold
Has sped, and now is manifest
The silver of the moon grown old.

God's Harvest

To me is given; mine shall be,
Nor mortal hand shall take from me
What God has given. All serene
I wait on Time's unfolding hand
Above the running of the sand,
Nor fear what Time shall thus decree.

For Time nor sands nor anything
That in the years they seem to bring
Are real or true, nor can they glean
From Life's real harvest. They have
sown
Not anything. And thus has grown
No seed or fruit for garnering.

But God has sowed. With loving hand
He strewed the seed for my demand
When fruitage comes above the green.
God's is the harvest; He alone
Shall give to me what is my own.
'Tis but for me to understand.

Lafayette Square

High on a hilltop green I stand,
The busy streets on every hand.
 The grime, the strife, so far below;
 Here quietude and peace I know.
The smooth, soft sward beneath my feet;
The odor of the jasmine sweet;
 The song of bird or laugh of child
 In happiness all undefiled;
The freshness of the new-mown sod—
A breathing spot, a place of God.

And far across the sparkling bay
Proud Tamalpais guards the way.
 The circling sea-gulls shrilly cry
 About the steamers passing by.
Pursuing waves spin white with foam
As shoreward they come rushing home.
 Across the hill come wreaths of mist
 As salty as the sea they've kissed—
I leave the hill; I take with me
Full measure of its harmony.

The Broken Seal

Upon the closed door we placed a seal
And turned away. Romance, we said, was
done.

Fate turned the busy wheel whereon is
spun

Her mystic thread, and with the whirling
wheel

Fate laughed. The shuttered door could not
conceal

From her the fragrant dreams that one
by one

We'd laid away; the idyl scarce begun
Which nevermore, we said, should light
reveal.

Fate laughed, for wise she is and wisely knew
That dreams like these are never put away,
Are never done, but only live the more

Denying them; and these alone are true.

And so we two came hand in hand today;

We broke the seal and opened wide the
door.

Josephine Swan White

As snow, too early fallen, heaps upon the
rose,

Her white hair gleams above the spring-
time of her smile.

And as the roses shed upon each breeze that
blows

Their sweet perfume, she gives to all her
friends the while

Of joy. That gift divine, whereby through
fingered keys

She speaks the soul within her, gives to
lifeless strings

A throbbing life which sings harmonious
melodies,

And peace and warmth and new hope to
each mortal brings.

Worms

It's funny, sort of, but I find that wimmin'
Kaint find no poetry in swimmin'
 Es boys do, er in fishin', speshly worms;
 All they think of is the slime an' squirms.
See no joy in jes' the diggin' bait
Early evenin' like, an' seem to hate
 Th' very thought o' worms an' such.
 An' when it comes to baitin' hooks—not
 much!

But take a boy of nine er ten, er so,
An' he likes worms, a-huntin' high an' low
 To find 'em. Likes 'em fat an' long—
 Seems like, kind of, that they jes' belong
To boys. It somehow brings a sort of pain
To jes' a-see 'em diggin' bait again,
 An' makes me wish that I was diggin'
 there,
 With touseled head, an' dirty feet, an' bare.

It makes me think of evenin' long ago,
With dusk a-comin' on, so soft an' slow;
 A sort o' fragrance in the dim spring air
 Of leaves a-burnin'; dad a-rakin' there
An' me a-spadin' in the garden plot—
A-workin', this time, jes' as soon as not—
 An' sweatin', mebbe, like a harvest han'
 A-gettin' worms fer my ol' can.

AND OPEN SKY

To hear the twitterin' call of sleepy birds—
To hear along the street the friendly words
Of neighbors passin'. See the glowin' fire
Die down to gray. An' see the moon rise
higher

An' red as Jones's barn, then turn to gold
An' fade to silver; see the stars unfold
An' twinkle greetin' in the soft spring sky;
A friendly greetin' as the clouds passed by.

To smell the honeysuckle bloomin' there—
Why—boy-like—seemed as though no care
Er trouble was, er could be, nigh to me;
The winds that blew were all my own, an'
free.

An' when the shadows fell an' lights burned
dim,

While melted moonlight spilled across the
brim,

I crept into my bed an' said, "good night,"
An' to the land of boy-dreams took my
flight.

It may be true that worms ain't fit fer verse,
But I contend as how you might do worse.

The charm that poetry has fer me, er art,
Is mostly what it calls up in my heart,
Ner ain't the color, er the smooth-strung
word,

Er rhymin' lines by poet's art conferred.
An' if a worm will bring that boy to me,
Why, then, I say a worm is poetry!

Des' A-waitin'

When the tiahed sun am droppin'
Down behind the puhple hill,
While the whole world seems a-restin',
It's so quiet-lak an' still;
When the length'nin' shadows reachin'
To'a'd the open cabin doah,
Seems to me I miss yo', honey,
Mo'n I evah did befoah.
Miss yo' pickin' on the banjo—
Miss yo' talkin' an' yo' smile—
I'se a-honin' fo' yo', honey;
Kind o' lonesome-lak the while.

Things don't seem des lak dey useter;
Moon don't seem to shine so bright
When I wake up, cryin' fo' yo',
In the da'k houahs of the night,
An' the thousan' stahs a-twinklin'—
Each one des' lak two appeahs
As I see dem tremblin', blinkin',
Through the fallin' of mah teahs—
Des' a-wonderin' what yoh doin'—
Ev'y footfall seems a mile
Till yo' comin' to me, honey;
Kind o' lonesome-lak the while.

AND OPEN SKY

Somehow, birds dey ain't a-singin'
Same sweet note dey used to sing;
Birds don't seem des lak dey happy—
Kind o' lazy on the wing.
An' the win' it soun' so mou'nful
Dat I somehow kaint enduah
Des' to heah it. Reckon maybe
I'd feel bettah if I'se suah
Sometime heah yo' in the evenin'
Whistle happy at the stile
Comin' home, des lak yo' useter—
Kind o' lonesome-lak the while.

Des' a-waitin', honey, patient;
Know yo' comin' back to me.
Know yo' thinkin' 'bout yo' mammy,
An' no mattah whah yo' be
Know the good Gawd watchin' foh you;
Ain't a-worryin' no moah,
Kase I know some day I'll see yo'
Comin' thro the cabin doah
Des' a-smilin' lak yo' useter—
I'se a-waitin' fo' that smile—
Hope yo' comin' mighty soon, boy!
Kind o' lonesome-lak the while.

My Mother's Garden

In a quaint, old-fashioned garden
In a dear, old-fashioned town,
Bloomed the sweet, old-fashioned flowers
All the garden walks around.

Marigolds in yellow splendor,
Crimson peonies a-glow;
On their stems, so tall and slender,
Hollyhocks their blossoms show.

And the Johnny-jump-up's faces
Peering slyly through the grass;
Love-in-mist with dainty laces,
And the bluebell's azure mass.

Bridalwreath, festooned and flowing,
Near the sweet crab-apple tree
Where the petals, pink and glowing,
Set their perfumed odors free.

But of all the fragrant flowers
Blooming in this garden old,
Dewy with the summer showers,
There was one of charms untold.

Bumblebees went droning, humming,
Tumbling round to steal its sweet;
In the dusk the great moths coming,
Flying, fluttering to the treat,

AND OPEN SKY

Laved their long tongues in its treasure,
Hovered heedless close above,
Seemed half drunken there with pleasure
In this treasury of love.

'Twas the quaint, old-fashioned moss rose
Which my mother planted there;
'Twas the sweet and fragrant moss rose
On her breast she used to wear.

In the dusk when stars are showing,
And a fragrance comes to me
On the summer breezes blowing,
Then again I seem to see

Sweet old flowers that were swaying
In that garden years ago,
And again a boy I'm straying
Where the sweet moss roses grow.

Awake!

Brown locusts, come from overseas
To breed and spread. We heedless yield
Fruitage of valley and fair field.
Forever hungry, still they seize
New ground, new space, new breeding place.
No room they leave for us, of old
The tillers of this fertile mould,
These locusts brown of alien race.

Brown locusts, nibbling evermore
At that which we have toiling grown;
Harvest they reap they have not sown.
They spread as spreads an open sore.
Valley and field and town they take;
Theirs are the markets. When shall we
Arise in outraged majesty
And this their dangerous thralldom break!

Ours is the land by right of race.
What heritage shall we bequeath
When all our soil shall lie beneath
Their alien tread. How shall we face
Our children when they claim of us
The lands which still are theirs by right?
What shall we say? This Orient blight
Lies over all, and poisonous.

AND OPEN SKY

Awake! Oh, California's men!
Nor yield for ease and yellow gold
The lands which you should priceless hold.
Awake! And take your own again!
Shall sun-graced banner fly above
Our flag of stars, and men of brown
Rule us, subjected, bowing down?
Awake! And guard the land you love!



Mother

Heart of me, part of me,
Mother of mine;
Holding me, folding me,
Love all divine.

Seeing me, knowing me—
What though the wind
Like a leaf blowing me,
Leaves you behind—

Still your heart clings to me,
Steadfast and fine;
New courage brings to me—
Mother of mine!

Isle of Dreams

If all the twinkling, gleaming stars, that in
the sky I see,
Were laughing, gleeful fairies a-coming down
for me

With golden, glowing lanterns, to take me
out to ride

Upon the slender, crescent moon which
floats upon the tide

Of silvered clouds, so silently, how happy I
would be.

We'd sail across the Sea of Sleep and reach
the Isle of Dreams;

Our only light upon the sea would be the
golden gleams

Of tiny, twinkling lanterns, but I would not
greatly care,

For that would be quite light enough to see
to get us there,

Those golden, glowing lanterns, with their
flick'ring yellow beams.

We'd sail into the harbor 'neath the Moun-
tains of the Night

That loom so dark and gloomy that I'd almost
take affright

If it were not for the fairies. Then we'd
land upon the shore

With cloudy, frothy billows bursting there
in foam before,

Along the silver, glistening sands that stretch
so smooth and white.

AND OPEN SKY

And this is where the Sandman comes to fill
his Bag of Sand
That he sprinkles in the evening with his
tiny, funny hand,
Till your eyes go blinking, winking, and
you blink and wink and nod—
But I've never seen the Sandman, and I
think that's rather odd
That he should come and not be seen—I can-
not understand.

Then all the happy hours through, with
fairies I would play;
We'd dance upon the Silver Sands until the
Light of Day
Came softly shining in upon the somber
Sea of Sleep,
And then into the crescent moon all si-
lently we'd creep
To smoothly sail o'er swelling clouds so
swiftly far away.

But in my hands I'd bring to you a gift from
that far isle:
A Happy Dream I'd bring to you, and give it
with a smile.
And maybe, some night, on the moon you'll
sail away with me
And pluck a dream all by yourself from off
the Slumber Tree
That grows above the silver strand where
fairies dance the while.

The Slumber Tree is broad and low, with
blossoms on each bough,
And in between the blossoms sweet the
dreams are hanging low.

The Baby Dreams are down beneath, where
little hands can reach,
And dreams for me are higher hung above
the gleaming beach,
While dreams for Dad and Mother Dear are
higher still, I know.

So when the stars come peeping out I'll sail
the sea anew,
Some evening soon when floats the moon, a
bark so staunch and true,
Where fairy lamps shall light our way
across the Drowsy Deep,
And hand in hand upon the strand we'll
watch the billows leap,
And then beneath the Slumber Tree shall find
a dream for you.



How Queer

The rain is swiftly falling down,
Which is not half so queer
As should it rise from off the ground
And quickly disappear.

Adventure

I am beating across the white-capped bay
Before the southern wind,
While the mad sea-gulls,
The scolding trulls,
Wing away—wide away!
And I seek what I shall find.

Oh, the flying foam from the breaking crest
Is salt and wet on my cheek,
And the keen wind sings
Where the taut sail clings—
Speed away on the quest!
And who shall say what I seek!

The blue of the hills is behind me, far,
And the sands of the long, low shore;
With a foaming rail
And a swelling sail,
Across the angry bar
To the sea that lies before.

And never again shall I see the bay,
Nor ever again the sands;
For the clean wind blows
And the swift tide flows—
I'm away! Sail away!
Dare away to old-new lands!

Pals of the Road

Walkin' down the fragrant lanes,
Through the world with you,
Underneath the drenchin' clouds,
Or the skies of blue;
Ankle-deep in clover bloom,
Where the bumblebees
Tumble round like fuzzy clowns,
An' the perfumed breeze
Bends the slender goldenrod,
While the timothy,
Tall beside the old rail fence,
Nods in sympathy.
Maybe find a little mud;
Maybe find it rough;
Maybe find a rut or two,
But it's just enough,
Makes us love the goin' more
When again we find
Smoother roads an' smilin' skies
Than we left behind.

Over hill and over stream,
Through the world with you;
Ev'ry smilin' countryside
Seems a fairer view.
Ev'ry birdnote by the way
Seems a sweeter song
Than they sung to us before.
As we tramp along,
Hungry sometimes, tired too,
Ploddin' o'er the miles,

AND OPEN SKY

Mebbe think that frowns might come
 'Stead of happy smiles.
Frowns an' you don't hitch, somehow;
 Smilin' skies or rain,
Dust or dew or weariness,
 Always just the same.
Happy with the open road;
 Findin' something new
'Round each bend within the road,
 Through the world with you.

Seen a lot of ups an' downs,
 Just us two together,
Trampin' down the country roads,
 Sun an' stormy weather.
Sleepin' where the twinklin' stars
 Winked through lacin' trees,
An' the tumblin' river's song
 Sang us melodies—
Seemed-like, dreamin', songs of home,
 Home I never knew;
Wake up, sobbin', an' be glad,
 Reachin' out for you.
Just a dog you are, I know;
 Just a tramp like me,
Happy when the summer's come
 An' the roads are free.
Never ask a better pal,
 Or a truer friend—
Through the world with you, old pal,
 'Til we reach the end!

Purple Meadows of Delight

I leave behind that empty shell of mine
And through the splendid silence of the
night,
Along the mystic star-trails, gleaming
white,
With eagerness I pass among the stars
Into that purple meadow of delight
Which is our trysting place, our age-old
shrine.
In flesh you have been mine but once in
twice
A thousand years: Tho that were paradise
More perfect this, when in the star-strewn
mead
Your very soul is one with mine indeed.
And though a thousand years may pass,
and more,
E'er I shall hold you as I did before,
Within this purple meadow you are mine
Until the pale stars, dying, cease to shine.

AND OPEN SKY

Beneath the sun I plod the long hours
through,

Those waking hours of toil and man-made
strife

Which mortal thought would say makes all
of life.

But with the darkness opens fair the way—

I leave the body; as a sure-thrown knife
Speeds from the hand, I speed through space
to you;

The purple meadows of delight I find.

All thought of flesh and earth is left be-
hind;

No mortal love was e'er so sweet as this

As when among the stars I feel your kiss

And wander with you o'er the starry sward
Of purple meadows while the moon keeps
ward.

Oh, love of mine in meadow sweet with dew,
Tell me: which life is dream and which is
true!

The Open Road

There's a sort o' spring-like softness on the
breeze,

An' the fields are showin' green above the
brown.

There's a swellin' of the buds upon th' trees,
An' I'd kind o' like to get away from town.

I'd like to see the willows turn from gray,
The dull old gray they've worn through
winter's cold,

While the driftin' leaves of summer round
them lay—

I'd like to see the willows turn to gold.

I'd like to feel the road beneath my feet,
So diff'rent from the pavements of the
town

Where y' hear a thousand footfalls on the
street

Of the busy people goin' up an' down.

I want to get the smell of new-turned sod
Where the sweatin' horses, tuggin', pull the
plow,

An' the meadow larks go wingin' up to God
With thanks that spring is comin' now.

I want to lazy lean upon the rail

An' watch the playin' minnows float an'
gleam;

An' I'd hear the plaintive love-call of the
quail

From the alder thickets close beside the
stream.

AND OPEN SKY

Where the smell of green things growin'd
 come to me,
 Tosseled alder an' the buddin' catkin
 bough—
Why, it's just a—seems-like—pictured mel-
 ody,
 An' I wish that I could see it—hear it—
 now.

Oh, I'm tired of the busy city's roar,
 An' I'm weary of the dingy city's ways;
I'm a-longin' for the country more an' more,
 An' I'm thinkin' that it won't be many
 days
Before I hear the blackbird's mating song
 As he sways upon the rush's slender green;
See him, startled, flashing crimson-winged
 along
 To the fastness of the thicket's heavy
 screen.

Oh, I'll feel beneath my feet the open road,
 Stretching miles away beyond the foothill's
 haze,
With the open countryside for my abode,
 Lazying slow along the roadside as I
 please.
I've my blanket roll upon my willing arm;
 I've no need of town or chatt'ring com-
 pany—
When the pussywillows spread their silver
 charm
 It is forth upon the open road for me!

Old Man Wintah

Damp wind blowin' from the souf,
(Heah Bob White a-whistlin' on the hill!)
 Big snowflake come siftin' down
 Thoo the branches bare an' brown.
 Oak leaves fallin', driftin' fast;
 Wintah sure am come at last—
(Heah Bob White a-whistlin' shrill!)

Soft wind blowin' gainst mah face—
(Heyah, Cottontail! Whah yo' gwine?)
 Gray clouds driftin', wet an' low,
 Oak trees tossin' just below;
 Sure am settled in mah mind
 Dat Old Man Wintah's just behind—
(Dah yo' go, Cottontail, roun' dat yellah pine!)

White birch shinin' thoo th' gloom,
(Ol' black crow go cavin' past)
 Crick a-flowin', smooth an' brown,
 Golden birch leaves floatin' down;
 Mus'rat swimmin' up th' stream—
 Golly! Dis no time to dream!
(Crow say wintah come at last.)

Down th' hill ol' Hetty waitin',
(Chimbly smokin', smell dat cookin'!)
 Dogs go barkin' roun' de door—
 Ain't nevah seen me, cohse, befoah!—
 Ground am gettin' wet an' white;
 Ol' Man Wintah come tonight.
(Cabin sure am welcome lookin'!)

A Glade Where Violets Grow

Deep down within a fragrant woodland brown
I know a tiny glade where violets grow,
Where all along the hillside, stars of light,
The trilliums lift their lovely blooms of
snow,
Three-petalled on the broad, green leaves
below.
And here spring beauties shake their charm-
ing bells
Above the mould wherein the bloodroot
dwells.

The wild plum sheds its spicy fragrance
there
Sweet on the rain-drenched, ling'ring
spring-time air.
While silv'ry sweet from out a basswood tree
A nesting robin plaintive sings to me
Its lullaby of swiftly falling night.
Upon the tiny glade where violets grow
The soft light of the moon sifts gently
down.

The Patchwork Square

Crimson and yellow, green and blue,
Silks and velvets of every hue;
 Purple satin and royal gold,
 Varied colors in wealth untold.
Scraps of the gowns of other days,
Telling their tales of other ways,
 Of other times than those we live—
 This rainbowed, patchwork narrative.

Here is a bit of the emerald gown
That mother wore when she came to town
 In those far-off days before the war,
 Those days when dad was a bachelor.
This is a bit of the flowered vest
They say dad wore when the loveliest
 And sweetest girl in the countryside
 Promised that she would be his bride.

And this wee scrap of yellowed white,
Toned by the years in their constant flight,
 A treasured bit of her wedding dress
 And full of her years of happiness.
Here is a royal blue brocade
Worn as a bride, and I'm sure she made
 A picture sweet for dad to see
 As she walked by his side so lovingly.

AND OPEN SKY

And this—well, this bit of faded pink
Holds many a soft-shed tear, and I think
Of the days when tender hands caressed
The wee silk gown which was never blessed
With a baby's warmth, but with a spray
Of lavender was laid away.
Faded and stained, it is precious yet
To the mother heart that does not forget.

Crimson and yellow, green and brown;
Criss-crossed with stitches up and down.
Lovingly sewed and cleverly pieced
They take their place, and even the least
Can add its bit to the story told
Of those long-ago, far-away, days of old
When dad was young and mother was
fair—
This dear, old, bright-hued patchwork
square.



The Street Walker

With painted face and bold, yet furtive, eye
She walks the streets and scans the passers-
by.
Her flashy garb, all cheaply fine, yet worn
And poor; her draggled skirts, unhung and
torn,
Proclaim aloud her shamed profession old
Wherein, for barren life, herself is sold.

It Is Not True

They tell me that in Flanders you lie dead
While o'er you ruddy poppies blow and
bloom;

That broken is your thread upon the loom,
The thread within the fabric just begun;
A golden thread within the fabric spun.

They tell me that on Flanders field of
brown
You laid your glorious weapons gently
down
And fell asleep, your arms beneath your
head.

But down the slopes I see you come to me
As in the days of old, all eagerly,
The tender grasses bending at your tread;
The fragrant apple blossoms o'er you spread.
Your smile is tender as it used to be—
And yet they say in Flanders you lie dead!

They wonder why I do not mourn for you
Who there in Flanders field are lying dead
While battling armies pass above your
head.

They see me in my old, accustomed way
About the village streets from day to day.
They see my undimmed eye and quiet face;
They see of grief for you no tear or trace;
For in the garden where the larkspurs grew

AND OPEN SKY

When you were with me in those dewy hours
Of love among the fragrant, blossoming
 bowers,
The larkspur blooms again, all slender blue.
And there in dusk of eve I come to you
And meet you, hold you, midst my garden's
 flowers—
That you are dead in Flanders is not true!

The Artist

When God had brushed the sky with blue,
 Had painted all the forest green,
And swept the west with sunset hue
 Above the ocean emeraldine,

He dropped his laden palette down
 Upon a California field,
And flowed upon the blossomed ground
 The radiant colors there revealed.

A Rainy Day

I like to see the raindrops splash
 Upon our window here,
And run in little rivers down;
 And on the schoolhouse near
To watch the feathered weathervane
 Go whirling with the breeze;
It seems to change direction
 With the very greatest ease.

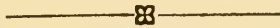
I wish I was a weathervane,
 So I could make it blow—
The wind, I mean—in any way
 I'd like to have it go.
I'd like to be a raindrop
 And go sailing on a cloud
High up above the housetops there—
 My, wouldn't I be proud!

Or maybe as a yellow leaf
 Go whirling from the trees
And down the flooded gutters float
 In golden argosies.
I'd like to be a dewy drop
 A-hanging on a twig
And growing and a-growing
 Until I grew so big

AND OPEN SKY

I'd lose my hold upon the branch
And like a flash I'd fall,
A glistening, glittering raindrop
Just like a crystal ball.
But if 'twas me I'm sure that I
Would find a softer place
To fall upon, 'cause otherwise
I fear I'd scratch my face.

I'm very glad I'm not a bird,
All rumbled up and cold;
I'm glad I'm not a-sweeping streets
So ragged, bent and old.
And take it altogether,
Of all the things to be,
I'm glad, I guess, to find I can
Be no one else but me.



The Kiss

As lightly as a golden birch-leaf falls
When evening calls across the river's tranquil
flow—
As sweet and fragrant as the dew-brushed
morn
But newly born, when opening blossoms ra-
diant blow—
Pure, sweet, like breath of rosemary
There came the baby's kiss to me.

The Popple Fairy

We all was out in the woods one day,
Jus' Allie an' Jay an' me, an' say!

The sky was blue an' the air was still,
Was scarce a breeze come over the hill.

An' the big, old sun was shinin' hot
Till Jay says he'd jus' as soon as not

Lie still in the shade of the popple tree.

An' when Jay says that, why, Allie an' me
Jus' flopped on our backs. High in the sky
A cloud, scarce movin', was floatin' by.

Through the popple leaves the sun poured
down

An' a dronin' bee was the only sound,
Or, high overhead, a flyin' crow
Cawed once er twice to his friends below.

But the popple leaves in the quiet air
Shivered an' quivered an' swung up there;

An' I laughed an' says to Allie, "Say,

Look at them leaves! 'At's a funny way
Fer leaves to do." An' he says to me,

His ma she says it's a fairy tree—

The popple fairies, little an' fat,

An' you can't see where they're hangin' at,
Ner no one else, but they turn an' swing

On the popple leaves, an' laugh an' sing.

An' she says if he'll just keep still—

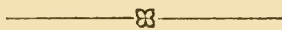
But goodness knows if he ever will!—

An' listen sharp, why then some day

'At maybe he'll hear jus' what they say.

AND OPEN SKY

So Allie an' Jay an' me, all three,
We watched the leaves on the popple tree
 Swaying an' swinging high up there,
 Cool an' green in the silent air.
The bees droned on—a locust whirred—
An' that was the only sound we heard,
 Save a crow cawed twice, an' then was still,
 An' the low-toned hum of the old grist mill.
I looked at Jay an' laughed, an' he
Laughed back, an' rolled on the grass, an' we
 All three laughed, an' we didn't know why
 But we just did, an' I says I
Bet a fairy dropped down from the tree
An' made us laugh, Jay an' Allie an' me.



Presence

When, in the darkness,
 I cannot see the moon or any star;
When the loneliness, and the bitterness,
 Press on me, and you seem so very far
Away from me, I call:
 Then, throbbing, musical,
 Down through deep space where heavenly
 beings are
I hear your loved voice fall;
I am not lonely then at all.

Derelict

No more I make my restless round
Or answer, quivering, to the sound
Of signal bell. The busy feet
Upon my decks no more shall beat
Of those I ferried from the shore.
I cross the heaving bay no more.

Where, wrecked and battered, weary, worn,
The tender tide my hull has borne,
I lie at rest. The wavelets run
In sparkling glee beneath the sun.
The clamorous sea-gulls, curious, cry
In shrill contempt—and pass me by.

And through the heavy veil of night
I see at times the searching light—
I hear sometimes the sobbing notes
Of sister ships, whose brazen throats
Send wondering search through fog and wind,
Yet nevermore their lost shall find.

Here let me rest. The pitying sand
Shall hold me close. The tender hand
Of passing time shall bury deep
My shattered bones, and you shall keep
Me pictured as I used to be,
Still unafraid of tide or sea.

The Golden Quest

When the great, red moon is hanging
Low in the starless sky;
When the tall, dark pines are silent,
I hear them passing by—
I hear the shuffle of rough-clad feet
A-tramp on the dim old trail,
And I know they are off on their restless
search,
Who seek for a golden grail.

I hear the click of the rocks as they pass,
The clatter of pack and pan.
I see dim shapes on the brush-grown trail
Of burro and horse and man.
You think they are sleeping in valley and hill,
At rest in their grass-grown plot;
I know they're a-search for the golden dust
Though their headstones crumble and rot.

For I hear them on bar, on ravine and flat,
A-stir in their quest for gold;
And I see their weird forms in the river mist,
Bent and weary and old.
I hear the shuffle and tramp of feet
As they pass by my camping place—
*Yet on the trail in the silver dawn
I find no print or trace.*

My Mother's Chair

There's a low little chair by the window wide,
An old little, worn little chair;
Its rockers are battered by years defied,
And its arms are of paint worn bare.
The cushions are threadbare and faded and
old,
Of this old little, low little chair,
But soft are the cushions and warmly they
hold
A wee lady with snow-white hair.

Gently she rocks in the low little chair
Alone in the sky's golden tide;
Alone and serene she is rocking there,
And softly the gray shadows glide.
Folded her hands on a gray-clad knee—
Dear hands, toil-wrinkled and worn
And gnurled with the labor she's done for me,
The strife and the burden she's borne.

Now slowly the gold of the sunset fades,
Lingering last on her haloed hair,
And night gently draws close her purple
shades
Round my mother still sitting there.
The click of the chair on the worn old floor
Runs slower and slower still.
And the shadows fall, and the day is o'er,
And night comes down from the hill.

AND OPEN SKY

Gently she rocks in the little old chair,
But I'm back again on her knee,
Tired with the play of the spent years afar,
The years which have battered me.
In the worn old chair, when the day is done,
She holds me close to her breast
Till the sands of the glass to the last grain run:
And this, of life's gifts, is the best.



Back Again

The sea-gulls have come back again
And all along the beach
Are flying, strutting, wading
Where the little rivers reach.

They've come back from the islands where
The winds are never still,
Where the waves are beating madly
And the foaming breakers spill.

And now along the placid shore
Where wet the tides have lain
I see them wade and fly and prance;
The gulls are back again.

The Fleet

CHANT ROYAL

Weary of war, of battling northern waves,
Of foaming seas which bore upon their crests
Both fire and ice; of serving as the slaves
Of Mars, and adding to the vast unrest
Which made of this fair world a seething
hell;

Weary of spouting fires and volleyed shell
And wreathing gun-smoke, sulphurous, float-
ing by;

Worn by the icy waves which scarify
As wild before the frozen winds they leap,
We rest at last beneath a summer sky
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

Not ours the will, the fiery heart which craves
The conflict fierce, the grim, unceasing quest
Of war. Nor ours the spirit wild which raves
At bonds and bars; which says of peace, "A
jest!"

And which by might of men would men com-
pel,

And force to live as serfs where freemen
dwell.

Not ours the heart untamed which would defy
God's law, and equal rights to equal men
deny.

That spirit which would, slyly, loathsome,
creep

From out its fen, and hold its tyranny
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

AND OPEN SKY

O'er bitter seas which wash the drifted
 graves
Where bones of babes and murdered women
 rest,
Whence we, avenging, drove the bestial
 knaves
From sea and shore they shall not more
 molest—
O'er gloomy seas, where suns of hope dispel
The leaden fogs, and happier days foretell,
We drove, and watched the spindrift gleam-
 ing fly
From cleaving prow. The spun foam seemed
 to vie
With high clouds drifting, white as scattered
 sheep,
Or as the following gulls which piercing cry
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

Past islands where a tropic ocean laves
A tropic shore; past crags whereon there nest
The sea-mew and the tern, whose gray egg
 paves
The shore and cliff, and whose wild cries
 attest
The vigilance of wakeful sentinel
Perched high upon this island citadel;
Past mainland shores whose stern cliffs for-
 tify
A land so grim, unwatered, drear and dry
No man may live thereon, no harvest reap
Of grain or fruit, we gladly homeward ply
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

Swift past the cliffs whereon bold Time en-
graves
His mark with sweeping seas from out the
west
Which foaming leap toward sculptured archi-
traves;
Swift cleaving on across the ocean's breast,
We hear at last the welcome engine bell
And glide to anchorage upon the swell.
Our guns to loudly welcoming guns reply
And streaming flags our welcome glorify.
'Neath thronging streets which to the broad
bay sweep,
The grappling anchors, plunging, gladly tie
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

So home at last we proud ships resting lie
While echoing thunders on the brown hills
die.
At home we are, and ye may safely sleep
While we your welcoming tributes justify
In this fair sea where we shall vigil keep.

Six Sea-Gulls Fly

Over the sparkling, dawn-lit sea
My lover's song comes joyously,
As his white-sailed boat cleaves the run-
ning tide
And leans to the wind with a haughty
pride.
He waves his hand—and I stand alone
On the shining beach whence his boat has
flown.

*Six sea-gulls flying down the bay—
Away! Away!
Six sea-gulls fly and weirdly cry
To the white-capped billows flashing by
In the rose light of the dawning day—
Away! Away!*

The wind has blown with a rising gale
And the mad waves toss to its moaning wail.
The seething foam runs about my feet
As I pace the sands to their angry beat;
I search the sea—but I search in vain,
For my lover comes nor ever again.

*Six sea-gulls low by the wreckage spread—
The sky gleams red!
Six sea-gulls fly, now low, now high
Where the dank sea-weeds in tangles lie
In a woven shroud for my lover, dead—
The sky gleams red!*

The Trail Into the Berkeley Hills

The trail into the Berkeley hills
Lies soft beneath my feet,
And vagrant breezes flowing down
Stir roadside blossoms sweet;
Stir roadside blossoms nodding there
To greet the rose-dawn day.
The Berkeley hills smile greeting down
Upon the smiling bay.

The trail into the Berkeley hills,
The fair, blue hills, the Berkeley hills:
I follow winding trails therein
And wander far away.

Beside the trail in Berkeley hills
The bay trees slender stand
Like ranks of soldiers, khaki-clad,
A-marching at command.
And heavy lies the fragrance there,
Distilled from sun and dew,
A balm as rare as any scent
The Orient ever knew.

The trail into the Berkeley hills,
The fragrant hills, the Berkeley hills:
The trail which winds in Berkeley hills
Above the waters blue.

The trail leads past brown, shimmering pools
Where fern leaves dip and sway;
Where tiny, crystal waters run,
And cool, sweet zephyrs play.
It leads past open, rounded breasts

AND OPEN SKY

Where golden grasses glow—
Oh, billowing waves run gleaming there
When winds of summer blow!
The trail into the Berkeley hills,
The mystic hills, the Berkeley hills:
The trail into the Berkeley hills
Where wild, sweet grasses grow.

The laughing trail into the hills,
Beneath the branching oaks,
Where shadow hides and sunlight seeks;
Where golden sunlight soaks
The golden earth through languid hours.
The lazy, laughing trail
Which winds away into the hills
Past cliff and grassy swale—
The trail into the Berkeley hills,
The smiling hills, the Berkeley hills:
The rounding hills of silvery blue
Beneath the white cloud-sails.

The day has flown and twilight comes
A-down the Berkeley hills;
The lavender and purple now
Each narrow canyon fills.
From chaparral comes call of quail,
Where safe the brood is hiding,
And down the trail from Berkeley hills
Reluctant I am striding.
The trail from out the Berkeley hills,
The dusk-dim hills, the Berkeley hills:
And o'er the swelling tops of them
The thin new moon is riding.

Hushabye Sea

Soft breezes blowing, and low in the west
The red glow is fading—my little one, rest!
Rest while the stars twinkle soft in the sky
And the great golden moon slips so silently
by.

Wee little feet are so weary with play—
Rest in my arms, dear, and we'll sail away:

Lullaby Boat on the Hushabye Sea,
A white-petaled rose, dear, our swift sail
shall be;
A moonbeam of gold, dear, we'll use for a
mast,
And then, dear, to Dreamland we'll sail on
so fast—
In our island of Dreamland we'll rest, dear,
at last.

Pink are the clouds that float high in the east.
The murmur of waves on the shore, dear, has
ceased.

Back to the Dayland, the playland, we'll go;
The bright sun will greet us so gladly, I
know.

Wee little lady, all rested from sleep!
Close in my arms, dear, my treasure I'll
keep.

AND OPEN SKY

Rockabye waves swing us swiftly along;
Sweet winds of morning shall blow clean and
strong.

White-breasted sea-gulls our sailors shall
be—

In our Lullabye Boat, dear, on Hushabye
Sea,

Come sail back to daddy, in Dayland, with
me.



The Measure

Wherewith shall life's success be gauged?
By wealth of golden garnering,
Or honors, heaped, that years may bring?
Or by the struggle, bravely waged,
Against besetting foe's demand?
Or shall our measure of life's good
Be factories or spreading land
Where men shall toil at our command
To earn their modest livelihood?

Not so. God measures life's success
By what we give of happiness.

Mother of Mine

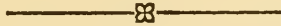
At quiet eve with all the day's work done
I sit within my casement wide
And watch the glory of the setting sun.
Then mem'ry hearkens through the years,
I'm carried back again to boyhood's days;
My mother greets me at the door,
Upon my head again her hand she lays;
Above me bends her dear, sweet face.

I tell again the day's adventures o'er,
Recount to her the paths I've trod,
The hills I've climbed, the tales of woodland
lore,
Of bird and flower and new-made friends:
The shimmering trout within the stream—
The robin's nest, its dainty eggs—
The old sawmill with sunken roof and beam—
I tell the day's adventures o'er.

Within her heart I never shall grow old;
The boy I was I'll always be.
And to my mother tales I'll still unfold
Of day's adventures, problems met.
Within her heart I'll solace find;
Her loving smile and tenderness of hand
Will soothe the wearied breast and mind.
Within her heart I'm still her boy.

AND OPEN SKY

*Mother of mine, dear Mother of Mine,
Your hair is as white as the wind-driven snow,
But the smile on your face is as sweet as the rose:
You are young in my heart, and—Ah, Mother—I
know
That your love will be mine 'til the last long repose—
Dear Mother of Mine! Dear Mother of Mine!*



Sin the Beggar

Sin is a beggar old, and whining;
Living on what we give, reclining
On couches that we careless yield
To his own measure. And he gives
No place or thing. And yet Sin lives.

Telegraph Hill

Up-thrust above the busy tide
Of teeming bay and echoing street,
Whose waves against her rough cliffs
beat—
Neglected, thrust contemned aside
She stands.

Beneath the trees which guard her crest
The ragged streets, wind-swept and steep
Where crowding children laugh and leap,
Hold many a strange, unbidden guest
From other lands.

Dingy the streets and drab the walls,
But gay the sparkling, green-blue sea,
And sweet the winds which blow to me
Beneath the trees whose shadow falls
A-thwart the sod.

My thoughts sail out as passing ships
And seek strange shores beyond the gates
Where romance calls and treasure waits
Of languorous hours, whose honey drips
In fragrant flood.

Below, the crowded streets, the din
Where clattering carts make clamorous
sound
Upon their same, unvaried round:
But here, harmonic, flooding in,
The peace of God.

My Creed

And this my creed: To live this day
Today alone.

To live each golden hour through,
To hold each precious moment true
And all my own—
To do with each the best I may.

To keep no record of the past;
To hold no grief
Or sorrow that the past has brought,
Or evil thing that has been wrought
In my belief;
For things of evil cannot last.

To fear tomorrow not at all,
With what it bring.
Each morrow, coming, is today;
Each morrow brings its own supply always.
No sorrows cling
Or evil happen-stance befall.

Then this my creed: This day alone,
And now, I live.
Of love and friends and joy to me
Are given for mine this day, these three;
And these I give:
Joy, friendship, love—I give and own.

They Shall Say

When they shall say of me, "He lies beneath
the trees,
There where the golden, wind-blown daisies
grieving nod."
Or they shall say of me, "The passing April
breeze,
The flowers, must miss him silent there be-
neath the sod."

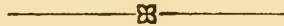
"And birds, and all the shy and wilder things
of earth
Must grieve for him who loved them so. He
rests so deep
Nor heeds the waking of the world to spring-
time birth.
He lies alone beneath the blossoming sod,
asleep."

Then I shall laugh, and they shall hear it as a
song
From throbbing bird-throat high among
the tree-tops tall,
Or as the joyous breezes blowing free along—
Then I shall laugh—for lo! I'll not be there
at all!

AND OPEN SKY

But in the fields where bees shall seek the
blooming clover,
And in the meadows fair where gentle cat-
tle graze—
Among the tree-tops where the birds are fly-
ing over
And spilling song, half-heard, from out the
azure haze,

Or on the singing shore where flecks of foam
are flying
I'll joyous dance, and joyous to the wild
wind call:
'Tis odd to hear these folk speak so of
dying—
Why, I still shall live! I'll not sleep there
at all!



Between the Lines

Many a bit of verse I write, and fair
They be or not—I little care,
For written 'twixt the lines she finds
A fairer bit of verse than mine;
Those words which speak the heart of me,
Writ there for her alone to see.

Forgotten

The dead remember—
Those living whom we call the dead—
Remember, and forget.
Remember all the love we gave;
The little things we did
For love of them;
The smiles;
The loving words.
Remember all the good of us,
The rest forget.
Forgotten now the words we gave
Which hurt. The selfish things
We did for love of self.
The kindly things we might have done
But failed to do.
And now they know
The love we gave,
And give.
They do not know,
Nor care to know,
The bitter grief we feel,
The fierce and vain regret.

The dead remember—
Those living whom we call the dead—
Remember, and forget.
But we remember,
Nor can we, remembering,
Forget.

The Miser

I have a secret place wherein I store
My treasures all. A miser, I, who keeps
Each precious gem, who counts them o'er and
o'er
And fondles them. I guard the shining
heaps
As ne'er a miser yet has guarded dear
His jewels and his yellow gold.

These are my jewels: Each kind word and
thought,
Each loving smile which through the years
to me
The years have given. The loving friends
they've brought
From God's own heaven that here my
heaven might be.
I guard them well. It seems as though I
fear
That Time may steal, for Time is bold.

Yet friends whom God has given, each word
and smile,
No thief may steal—if I but watch the while!

Bells Three

I builded a castle in the air—
I builded a castle wondrous fair,
With turret and tower and gate and wall
And jeweled windows in palace hall.

And swung in the tower that lifted high,
High up on the crags where eagles fly,
I hung brave bells, and these bells were
three;

Three chiming bells marked the hours for me.

One bell was of silver; sweet was its chime
As it rang through the dusk of the eventime.
“Hope” was its message, and “Hope” was its
name,

And this was the cherished thought which
came.

And one was of brass with a brazen note
Clanging steadfast from its brazen throat,
Bringing its message of Faith to me—
And Faith and Hope rang in harmony!

The third was of gold, and pure and deep
Was the echoed gold from the high cliffs
steep.

“Love” was the song of my golden bell
As its liquid music rose and fell.

Ruined the castle, and broken the wall;
Shattered the glass of the palace hall—
But my bells still ring their song divine;
Hope, Faith and Love at their best are mine.

AND OPEN SKY

Home! Come Home!

Out of the toss of the seas of the north,
Where the gray skies lower and lead tides
run—

Out from the seas where our task is done,
With cleaving prow we are speeding forth.

Sullen the seas that we leave behind—
Ice of the foam on the frozen wind!—
Where the day brings forth what the night
has spun

Of the web of war—Now it's, "Home!
Come home!"

Weary the days where the grim fog clung,
Where the fog clung low on a weary sea
Littered and spread with the drear debris
That shells have shattered and waves have
flung;

Tired of the surge of that shoreless deep,
Of the broken billows' ceaseless sweep,
We answer the summons which sets us free,
The welcome call, and it's, "Home! Come
home!"

Home to the bay where the sunny skies
Smile down to the laughing seas below,
As blue as the blue of the hills that grow
To the long, slow sweep of the mountain's rise.
Home to the heart of the western shore—
Oh! There's gloom behind but there's sun
before!

The foam flings white as the storm-spiced snow
As we answer your calling, "Home! Come
home!"

Sleeping

The summer sun has shone softly,
And softly the wind has blown
O'er these grass-grown mounds on the hill-
top
Where the stones are fallen and prone.
The summer grasses are tangled,
But—fragrant and warm and sweet—
They have covered the mounds on the hill-top
With their sun-enwoven sheet.

The flowing waters have glinted
All through the warm, sweet days
Where they rippling flowed on the shallows
In a hundred devious ways.
And the birds have sung soft in the branches
Above the low mounds on the hill,
Where the friends of the valley are sleeping
As still as the winds are still.

Asleep on their quiet hill-top,
Where the oaks and the birches grow,
While the summer sunshine softens
To the gold of the twilight glow;
And the silver and green of the poplars
Blends dim with the dim wood's night;
Like the shimmering gleam of the star-shine
Is the firefly's flickering flight.

AND OPEN SKY

But I think they dream of the flowers
And the gleam of the birches white,
And hear in their dreams the bird-songs,
The lyrical, sweet "Good night!"
Of the thrush in the hazel-brush thicket
Beneath the round rim of the moon;
And see 'cross the marsh in the valley
The blundering flight of the loon.

They sleep on their quiet hill-top
As still as the winds are still;
The thrush in the hazel is silent,
And silent the song of the rill.
The friends of the valley are sleeping
Where the birch and the poplar grow—
Tread light o'er the dew-wet grasses,
For their dreams are sweet, I know!

Warren D. Parker

The sculptor who, from dull and lifeless clay
His vision brings to life that we may see—
Who by his deft hand's shaping cunningly
Gives form to that which in his lone mind
lay—

The artisan who, patient, day by day
Brings forth the hidden beauty, tenderly,
With utmost care, that there shall be
The perfect form that he has dreamed this
way.

In clay the sculptor works: More glorious
thou
Who moulded men; who took the unformed
mind
And made it, shaped it, visioning perfect,
fair,
The high ideal toward which thou madest it
grow.
The master teacher, thou, who left behind
Thine own ideal, a pattern perfect, rare.

AUGUST 23, 1919

AND OPEN SKY

Arden

Now Arden hills are brown, are brown,
And Arden hills are low,
And o'er the long, bare slopes of them
The salt bay breezes blow.

And Arden hills are long with grass,
Browned by the summer sun;
There—blown by winds that sweep across—
The rippling shadows run.

Oh, Arden hills are brown and bare—
But I have dreamed a dream
Of flowered slope and forest clad,
Of lake and running stream,

Where Arden hills as symbols stand.
And men shall say, "He seemed
A dreamer, yet now lives
The structure that he dreamed!"

TO AUGUST SCHILLING,
BUILDER.

Lullaby-O, By-O Babe

When all the little birds have gone to rest
An' night win's wispeh soft an' low;
When red an' gold am glowin' in the west,
Then mammy holds her baby lovin', so,
An' sings to him this lullaby,
Lullaby-o, sleepy boy-o, lullaby:

“Silvah moon am sailin' low,
By-o babe, mah babe;
Off to slumbah lan' yoh go,
By-o babe, mah babe.
Baby dreams will come to yo',
Keep yoh happy long night through
Whilst yoh mammy watches yo',
By-o babe, mah babe.”

The rivah's lappin' soft upon the shore,
Shy whip-po'-will am callin' sweet.
While star-gleams come a-peepin' more an'
more,
Ol' mammy cuddles warm the little feet
An' sings to him this lullaby,
Lullaby-o, sleepy boy-o, lullaby:

“Silvah moon am sailin' high,
By-o babe, mah babe.
Slumbah lan' am comin' nigh,
By-o babe, mah babe.
Happy dreams am comin' fast,
Drowsy eyes am closed at last,
All the troubled day am past,
By-o babe, mah babe.”

The Sea-Gulls' Parade

The sea-gulls march along the beach
And seem like soldiers on parade,
So proud and straight and haughty, each;
Their feathers white are shining laid,
And wings of gray are held just so
As up and down the beach they go.

I watch them as they pass me by,
And nod to me, and strut and prance.
I think perhaps they wonder why,
I do not join them in their dance:
I'd get my feet too wet, I fear;
I'd rather watch them from up here.

And yet, I'd like to smoothly fly
As sea-gulls do, and cross the bay
About the ferryboats which ply
From side to side all through the day—
But when 'twas night, I think I'd be
Far happier on daddy's knee.

Portsmouth Square

THE STEVENSON MONUMENT

Across the waves of bronze she beats;
With lusty prow their thrust she meets.

Her swelling sails with steady urge
The galleon bears against the surge.

With precious cargo in her hold,
Filled to the brim with Memory's gold,

Steadfast she holds her charted way.
The stars by night, the sun by day,

No truer to their course than she—
The Memory ship which holds for me

His spirit gentle. All serene
She sails amidst the blossoming green.

Spring Incense

The fragrance of smoke at twilight;
The rustle of raking leaves;
The glow of the burning bonfires
Taking toll of Winter's sheaves.

A sense of springing grasses
From the breast of the waking earth;
The bursting of buds on the basswoods
In the coming of Spring's new birth.

The sleepy chirp of a robin;
The laughter of children at play
In the deepening blue of the twilight;
The turning of blue to gray.

The patter of feet on the sidewalks;
The neighborly echoed, "Good nights!"
The soft closing doors and windows;
The going out of the lights.

And down through the hushed, dim silence
The gleam of a guarding star.
The bonfire's incensed odors
Wreath slow through the night afar.

Dawn

Just in the glint o' the morning
When the fairies cease their play;
Just at the gleam of the dawning
When fays and elves flee away—
When the silver mists on the meadow
Hover and float and sway—
Angels brought a wee babe from heaven
And they called her "Dawn o' the Day."

"Dawn o' the Day," they called her,
Because of the happiness wrought;
"Dawn o' the Day," they called her,
Because of the message brought.
Happiness, peace and sunshine,
The glory of God's thought—
The world is brighter and sweeter
For the lesson that she taught.

Dressed Up

I put on mother's great, big hat
And dressed up in her gown,
Then on the lawn, beneath the trees,
Went p'rating up and down.

A shiny blackbird cocked his head
An' winked his eye at me—
Then he went strutting to an' fro,
An' acting just like me!

I never felt so mortified!—
For I had never heard
That a rude, bold blackbird sometimes, too,
Is a saucy mocking bird.

Overseas

Dear girl of mine, I wonder if you know
That through the long night hours my
thoughts of you
Are my companions, ever staunch and true
As you are true to me. You love me so
That I am brave. What matter who my foe;
You are my helm, my shield, my armor
bright.
You give me courage, strength, the will to
fight,
Nor yield, nor bend, no matter what the blow.

Dear girl of mine, this is a wondrous thing
That you should guard me, even overseas;
That half across the stricken world you bring
The comfort of your presence, and the ease
That comes of faith and trust. I hear you
sing:
I rest: I lay my head upon your knees.

Christ Walks with Me

Christ walks with me across the shell-swept
fields:

Bare is His head and empty are his hands.
Unarmed is He, yet unafraid He stands
And unafraid am I amid the strife,
For this I know: Christ is my shield and life.
Unarmed is He, and yet a power wields
Which turns aside the sword. No foe may
harm

With whom Christ walks. And now thrice
armed am I:

All evil forces harmless pass me by.

With Christ as shield I know I am secure.
He is my sword, a flaming weapon bright
Which wins the strife and sweeps away the
night,
Which cleans the world of all that is im-
pure.

Christ walks with me. With Him I shall
endure.

Into the West

Out through the Gate to the end of my quest;
Ebbing of tide and strong swell of the
surge,
Frost of the foam where the black rocks
emerge,
Ceaselessly telling of earth's vast unrest:
Into the heart of the crimsoning west.

Mine is a calm and a peace all serene,
Leaving the toil and the fray far behind;
Struggling no more with the storm and the
wind,
Into the mist of the future, unseen:
Heart of the world in the salt wind grown
clean.

Much has been mine in the years long gone
by;
Friends I have had and the world's fond
acclaim;
Laughter of love and flicker of flame;
Treasure of tears in a timorous eye;
Fragrance of flowers; the breath of a sigh.

AND OPEN SKY

Much has been mine in the days that are old;
Much have I known of the good and the
bad.

Desires that are dead as the things I have
had,
Days that are ashes and flames that are cold;
Not to me now shall the dead days unfold.

Fate has been kind as my measure she
poured.

Much has been mine and now more there
shall be;
Peace of the ages, profound as the sea;
Balm of the bliss that for me has been stored,
Recompense sweet for the years I've endured.

Out through the Gate to the end of my quest;
This is the end of the seeking and strife;
This is my birth to the splendor of life;
This is the winning of all that is best,
Here in the heart of the crimsoning west.







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